~~Masters~~ (Slaves) of War

Written by: Bob Dylan

63 years ago!
(Scum trash filth -
still to this very day!)

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build **the death planes**
You that build **the big bombs**

You that hide behind walls

You that hide behind desks

I just want you to know

I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'

But build to destroy

You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand

And **you hide** from my eyes

And **you turn and run** farther
When the fast bullets fly

Like *Judas* of old
You lie and deceive

A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And **I see through your brain**
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher

You hide in your mansion

As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled

Fear to bring children
Into the world

For **threatening my baby**
Unborn and unnamed

You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But **there's one thing I know**
Though I'm younger than you
Even *Jesus would never*
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

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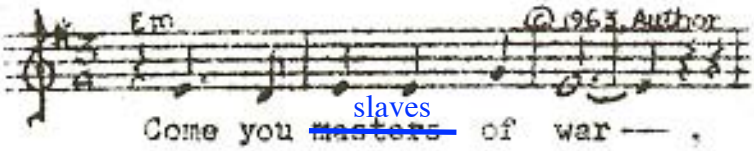
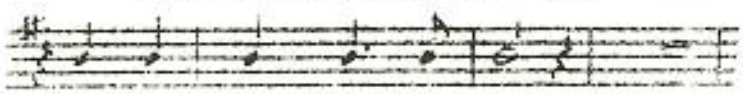
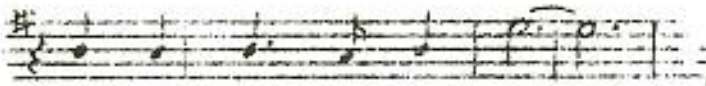
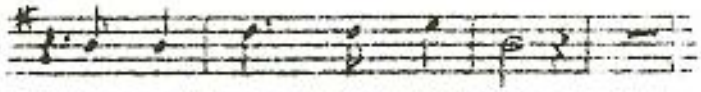
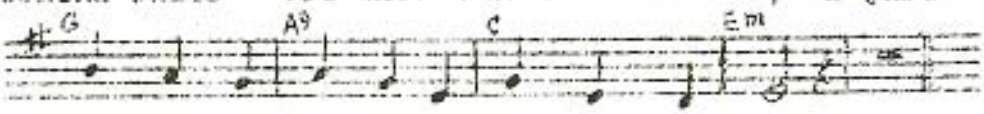
MASTERS of WAR

by BOB DYLAN

Illustrated by Susie Rotolo





want you to know I can see thru your masks.

You that never 've done nothing but build to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive
A world war can be won you want me to believe
But I see thru your eyes and I see thru your brain
Like I see thru the water that runs down my drain.

CONT'D →

Like Judas . . . you lie and deceive

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"Masters of War" cont'd (Bob Dylan)

You fasten the triggers for the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch as the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansions as the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies and is buried in the mud.

You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children into the world
For threatening my baby-- unborn and unnamed
You're not worth the blood that runs in your veins.

You've thrown . . fear to bring children into the world . .

How much do I know to speak out of turn
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know tho' I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question, is your money that good
Will it buy your forgiveness, do you think that it could
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I hope that you die and your death will come soon
I will follow your casket by the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered down to your death bed
Then I'll stand over your grave 'till I'm sure that you're dead.

PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS by Bob Dylan
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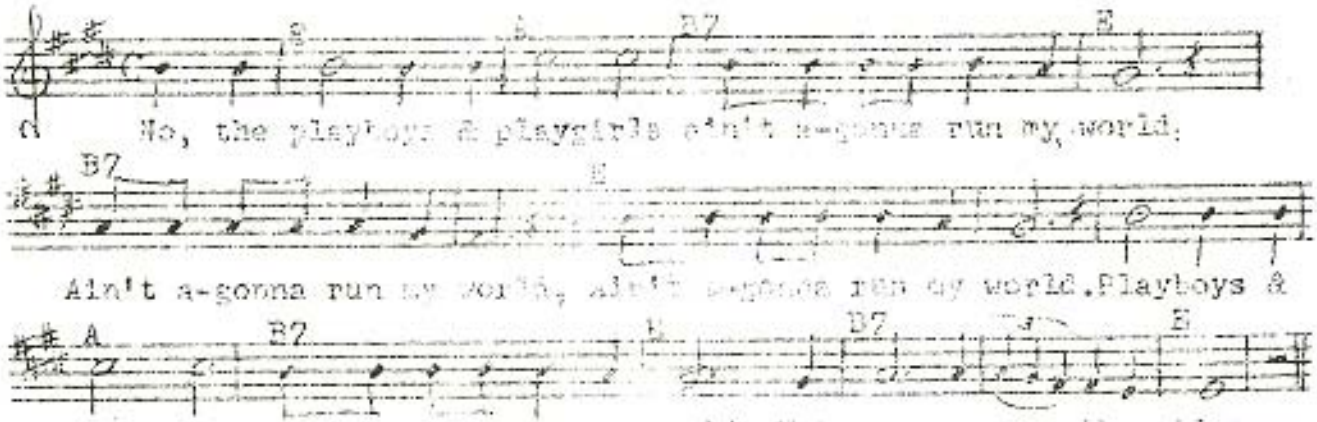
G
No, the playboys & playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world,
B7
E
Ain't a-gonna run my world, ain't a-gonna run my world. Playboys &
A
B7
playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, Not now or no- other time.

Playboys and playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, Not now or no other time.

2. You fallout shelter sellers can't get in my door
Can't get in my door, can't get in my door
You fallout shelter sellers can't get in my door
Not now or no other time.

"Fallout shelter sellers"

"Laughter in the LYNCH MOB"

3. You're cold prison walls can't change my mind, etc.
4. The laughter in the lynch mob ain't a-gonna do no more, etc.
5. Your free-takin' money-makers can't get me down, etc.
6. Oh you red-baiters & race haters can't guide my road, etc.
7. Your Jim Crow ground can't turn me around, etc.
8. You playboys & playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, etc.

CONTINUED P. 30

"Your free-takin' money-makers can't get me down . .
can't guide my road . . .
can't turn me around. . ."

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(They aren't masters, they're slaves.)

SLAVES TO THEIR OWN WAR